

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

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No Room For Jesus!

A Christmas Message
By EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke 2:7).

Poor Mary! I can imagine that she was only a girl of eighteen or nineteen when the baby Jesus was born; Jewish girls married young. And did ever a woman come to the hour of travail in more distressing circumstances? She was away from home. Caesar Augustus at Rome had decreed "that all the world should be taxed," and all went to be taxed, every one into his own city." So Joseph and Mary came from the province of Galilee, out of their little city, Nazareth, to Bethlehem. They were both descended from King David and proud they were. So they must come to the city of David to register, and I suppose they paid a small poll tax. How strange it was that they must come just at this time when Mary was great with child. Did they understand why?

God was but fulfilling His Word. In Micah 5:2 it was written, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." So Caesar Augustus, not knowing why, gave the decree that "all the world should be taxed," and the millions of the Roman Empire must go and register, unconscious that thereby God was bringing Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem that the Saviour might be born there and so one verse of Scripture be fulfilled!

Women sometimes have strange fears and forebodings before the birth of a child. It is part of the

curse which fell on womankind when the guilty pair were put outside the garden of Eden. And this was to be Mary's firstborn! Her mother was not at hand nor any of the godly old women of the community who would always know just what to in such a case. There was no physician, nor a midwife even. Oh, if only cousin Elizabeth could be here who had only six months before borne a child and named him John? She and Elizabeth were very dear to each other and had blessed high hopes in common.

No, with her was only poor Joseph. Joseph was only a man, and as helpless as she. Men seem ignorant and clumsy enough at best, in such matters. Joseph was so kind and tender: with a holy restraint, he had cared for his virgin wife. But he was not in fact a husband as yet. How desperately alone Mary must have felt when at first she feared, and then she knew, that her baby was to be born here in Bethlehem among strangers and far away from her little Nazareth home! It would have been bad enough, she doubtless thought, if they could have had a nice, clean, quiet room in a private home or even the courtesy of a common taven or a hotel. But the town was full. David had many other descendants who had come, likewise, to register. There was no room for them in the inn. In Mary's hour of travail when she slipped down into the valley of shadows, her bed was nothing but straw in a stable and when her baby was born, she, herself, with trembling yet glad fingers, wrapped her Babe in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger "because there was no room for them in the inn!"

Poor Joseph!

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The editor, with Rev. J. Stratton Shufelt, gospel singer, may be heard on radio WJJD, at 1:00 p. m. Thursday and Friday, December 16 and 17, and from Monday, December 20 through Friday, December 24 on radio WJJD, Chicago, 1130 kilocycles. We will be preaching and singing at Kenosha, Wisconsin, at noon day services of the Quaker Stretcher Company and the recorded services will be broadcast. Tell your friends to listen in for this half hour.

TWELVE TREMENDOUS THEMES, a book of evangelistic Bible teaching, 177 pages, is now available in lovely cloth binding, price \$1.00. We believe this will be one of the most popular and useful books we have ever written because of the tremendous themes discussed, the questions answered, the heresies refuted.

Several thousand copies of the second edition of PRAYER-ASKING AND RECEIVING were ordered before this new printing came off the press. The new price, \$1.50 per copy, makes the book of 328 large pages, twenty-one chapters, a great bargain.

Many readers got gifts of money for Christmas. Some of you got presents from people to whom you gave nothing, and you would like to send a gift, though belated. We suggest that you send a subscription to THE SWORD OF THE LORD. The fifty-two issues will bless every week of the year. You honor God and bless men by getting this foremost evangelistic weekly in homes where it will start revival fires and win precious souls.

The Florida Baptist Witness reports a great revival led by Dr. Joe Henry Hankins in the Main Street Baptist Church of Jacksonville, Florida. We understand there were 160 conversions in eight days, 194 additions to the church!

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WHO'S A FOOL?

By DR. BOB JONES, SR., D.D., LL.D.,

Founder and President of Bob Jones College, Cleveland, Tennessee.
(Message to students, faculty members and visitors Sunday morning, November 21, 1943. Mechanically recorded).

I am reading from the 12th chapter of the Gospel of Luke, beginning with the 16th verse:

"And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

"And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

"And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

"And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: Then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

"So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

Now, this is my text — part of the 20th verse and all of the 21st verse:

"Thou fool, . . . So is he (that is, he is a fool, too.) that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

I. IN MANY WAYS THIS FOOL WAS WISE.

Now, this man, measured by all the standards of our modern business world, would have been a very wonderful and intelligent man. There is no businessman who would call this man a fool from a business standpoint. Jesus Christ does not say one thing against the man's morals. As far as we know, he was a sober, clean, decent, upright, moral man.

1. He Was Evidently Moral.

If you could blot out eternity, blot out Heaven and blot out Hell and let this world be all, it would still pay to live a decent, moral, upright life. The young people in America who are playing a loose game morally are fools. They are plain, ordinary fools. If there were no such place as Heaven and no such place as Hell and no after life, you could still look at the young people of this nation today — the carousing, cocktail-crazy, cigarette-smoking young people, living loose moral lives, playing with sin — and know they are playing a losing game. Disintegration, degeneracy, destruction — that is what you are facing in the modern world.

The things I see as I go up and down this country are tragic. When I was a boy you never saw a woman drink. You never saw a girl smoking cigarettes. That didn't belong to decency. That was out of the realm of respectability. Even the vilest women rarely ever got drunk, and certainly not in public. If you smelled alcohol on a woman's breath, well, she was just out of the pale of respectability. But now I see more women drinking than I do men. Coming back on the train the other day from Denver, Colorado, I saw more women than men order whiskey. Some of them complained because we came through a territory in Kansas where they couldn't get whiskey for two hours, and they bought it in advance — young women, old women, mothers of children. Any sensible person, even if he knows nothing about God and the Bible, but something about history, can look about him and know that this world is headed toward ruin. The immorality of the world is going to destroy it.

Now, this man was undoubtedly



Dr. Bob Jones, Sr.

an upright, moral man. I'll tell you why. He died prosperous. There are very few immoral men who die prosperous. I knew a man in America, the head of a great business industry, a few years ago who wanted to get a million dollar life insurance policy. And the man that tried to write it told me on the side why he didn't get it. He said, "It isn't generally known, but that man is immoral, and the insurance company will not give him a million dollar insurance policy because they expect a crash. They expect the man to fall." Intelligent, thinking businessmen do not expect immoral men to complete a successful business life. Immorality destroys. But this man was moral as far as we know. Jesus said not a word against his character.

He Had Sense About Money

This man had more sense than most of the people I have met in another particular. He had sense enough to know how to handle money. It is the rarest thing in the world to meet a man who knows want to do with money. If everybody in this house this morning had a million dollars, most of you would be broke inside of five years. We talk about the man that is rich, the man who has accumulated a fortune. I have found that there are very few people who know how to handle money. Some people are mean and stingy, and when they get it they keep all of it. Some people are wild and extravagant and throw all of it away. There

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IS CHRIST CROWDED OUT?

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

Is Christ crowded out of your busy life
With the toiling that each day brings?
With the strain and stress of the cares that press
You've no time for the King of Kings?

"No room in the inn" for the Christ-Child blest,
"In a manger so low He lay,"
In the hearts of men o'er and o'er again,
There's no room for Him still today.

"The foxes have holes and the birds have nests
But nowhere for His head divine
Had the Son of man," should He come again
Find a place in your heart and mine.

The hearts of the ones whom he died to save
Is the home which He seeks today;
By His life bought yet He is crowded out,
And "away with Him," still they say.

There's coming a day in the great sometime
If for Christ you have never room,
You will knock and wait at the pearly gate,
Crowded out there will be your doom.

CHORUS

Crowded out! Crowded out!
You've no time for His service, you say;
While for pleasure and business you always have time,
Is Christ crowded out today?



WHO'S A FOOL?

(Continued from page one)

are very few balanced men when it comes to money. I think it was Mr. Wesley who said, "Get all you can honestly; spend what you need, give away what you can, and save some." There are very few men who are balanced when it comes to handling money. I meet people all over America, and most of the men who think they are wise have lost money. The successful businessman, as a rule, is a man that just happened to guess right more times than he did wrong. A few years ago there was a great banker in America who died, and it was said that there was more worthless stock in his vault than in any vault in this country. Somebody had asked him how he had prospered and he had said, "I just happened to guess right a few times."

2. He Was Wise to Own Good Property.

Now, this man was wise in a business way. He went out and bought good land. I have respect for a man that tries to own a little property. I want to say this to you young people, and I make no apology for saying it on Sunday morning: there is something in ownership that makes people stable. I hope all you young people some day will own your own home. I hope you won't have to live your life in an apartment. There is something about owning property, there is something about having a little piece of land, a little garden spot, that seems to steady men. This man had sense enough to go out and invest his money in land. And he knew what kind of land to buy. He didn't buy poor land. He bought land that would produce. He didn't buy from a map. He went out and looked at it and got the right kind of land.

This country went broke a few years ago by people buying property in Florida and California they never saw. The wisest men in Florida, and I was down there — the wisest businessmen went broke faster than the poorest fellow. You know, the wisest businessmen don't have much right to talk any more.

Several years ago I was talking to a businessman and he said, "Well, Dr. Jones, you must remember you are a preacher, and you preachers don't know much about business." I said, "You shut up! You business men have no right to talk. The wisest businessmen in America have no right to talk. They went broke in Florida — the finest, outstanding business men of the state. They went broke in California. They went broke all over this country."

But this man knew what to do with money. He went out and bought good land.

3. He Was a Good Farmer.

Now notice another thing. I want to say every good word I can about this man because Jesus called him a fool; and when Jesus brands a man a fool, he is a fool. But I want to show you how smart this man was. He had sense enough to farm. He produced a bumper crop! Why when his crops came in, his barns were not big enough to hold them. This man was a good farmer. When I was a boy in Southeast Alabama we thought anybody could farm. If a man didn't have sense enough to do anything else, he went to the farm. That was what you could do if you had no sense. I remember we used to take three acres of land in Southeast Alabama to produce a bale of cotton, sometimes five acres. I remember my old country father used

to say the day would come when peanuts would be the industry of Southeast Alabama. Some of his friends laughed at him and called him "Peanut Jones." They said it was a joke, that nothing would ever be raised in that country but cotton. My father is dead and gone, has been gone for years, yet I have lived to see come true what he said when I was a boy. He was the first man to do diversified farming in that section.

I remember when Mrs. Jones and I got married over in Western Alabama. She was brought up in what was called the "Black Belt" section of the South. We went down to Southeast Alabama. Down in Southeast Alabama the yards were all swept nice and clean. In Western Alabama people had nice green lawns. Mrs. Jones said to me, "Why do they sweep the yards like that, why don't they plant some grass?" I said, "Every kid in this country is born to hate grass." Why, when I was a boy we killed grass to raise cotton to buy hay. That was the way we farmed. We didn't save any hay, we destroyed all the hay we had. Yet we thought we were wise farmers. And we used to make fun of the "book farmers" who came out to talk to us.

But this man had sense enough to farm. You know, I have great respect for the people that farm. I understand how Jesus talked about the fig tree, and how He watched a man sow. I have never understood how any farmer could doubt the existence of God, could ever question the goodness and mercy of God. There is something about blooming flowers; there is something about corn and cotton and wheat; there is something about growing things that speak of God, the Author of life. This man farmed, produced a great crop. He was a successful farmer.

4. He Wisely Saved Instead of Spending.

Not only was he a good farmer, not only did he raise a good crop, but he saved what he had. He tore down his old barns and built barns that would hold the crop. There is nothing wrong with that. That is intelligence. If you don't have enough space for your crop, don't waste your crop, save it. Very few of you young people know anything about economy. Very few of you do. We have had a few students who came to Bob Jones College who knew something about it, but most of us spend what we get on ourselves. We even start out gratifying little children these days, giving them everything they want.

When I was a boy we didn't have much. I remember one time when I was a boy of hearing my father on Christmas morning before day — about the time I had begun to learn there wasn't any Santa Claus, in the sense that I had thought there was a Santa Claus before — I heard my old father say to my mother, "This is the first Christmas we haven't had anything for the children." Cotton was not selling for any price. Grover Cleveland was president of the United States and we all nearly starved. Of course, we blamed the Republicans for leaving us in a mess; we didn't blame the Democratic party! But we were in an awful fix down there. Cotton had gone down, and we couldn't sell it. Flour was up to ten dollars a barrel. No farmer had any money, and you couldn't get money; the banks wouldn't let you have it. I heard my father say before day that Christmas morning, "We can't have these children around here without something to eat. And my old father got up before day, drove into town and brought home apples, and candy. And we had a good Christmas. There was something about getting a stick of candy in those days — you took your time eating it. You sucked a stick all day long. You didn't run through with it, like you run through with everything today. You made it last, and you had a good, sweet taste in your mouth and had less indigestion than we have now. We got along all right.

But we talked about prosperity. We got to where we thought if everybody had plenty of money that would be all we would need. We got an idea that if we got

all the money we needed that would cure the immorality in the world. A bigger fool idea was never known! The more money we have, the more immorality we have. The women that live in homes of wealth are no more virtuous than the women that live out here in mountain cabins. The women in Hollywood who make more money than any other group of women in the world ever did make are certainly no more moral than the women in this country who work in the ten-cent stores.

The trouble with most of us is that we have never learned what it means to sacrifice, to save a little something, to put aside something. If I were you I would learn while I was young to set aside a little money once in a while, to lay up a little something. If there is prosperity this year, I would save a little for next year. I would stick it aside, hide it out. That is all right. It takes character. It is an honorable, upright thing.

I said that to a fellow one time and he said, "Well, now, Dr. Jones, there is nobody dependent on me." I said, "Did it ever occur to you that you might be dependent on somebody else?" I don't want to be dependent on somebody else. I want to be able to pay my own way along, if I can, in this world. I feel like an old uncle of mine felt. He said he wanted to always be able to resent an insult. You would like, from a human standpoint, to be able to stand up for your rights, to say the least of it.

This Man Had Sense Enough to Know When He Had Enough.

Now, something else, this man had sense enough to know when he had enough. Did you ever see a businessman like that in your life? Take the businessmen you know. They all die grabbing. They reach out with their hand at the last for something more. This man said, "I've got enough. I am going to sit down on the porch and take it easy." He went out and sat down on the porch and folded his hands and said, "Now, you have plenty laid up; you don't have anything to worry about. What are you bothered about? Why do you want to keep tugging and toiling, fretting and worrying? You have saved enough." Say, it is a blessed thing to meet a man with that much sense. I am falling in love with this man, aren't you? The further I go the more I admire many things about him. But Jesus said he was a fool and I will get to that later. When Jesus calls a man a fool, he is a fool! But he had more sense about some things than some of the finest businessmen I have ever known. I know Christian men — supposedly Christian men — in this country who ought never to save another cent. They have all they need. They ought to pour out all their energy — not retire from business — but they ought to make money for God. It is a wonderful thing to find a man like this. He said, "I have enough laid up."

5. He Was Wise Enough to Enjoy His Goods.

I will tell you another thing about this man, he had sense enough to enjoy what he had. You know, if you are stingy until you are fifty, you won't have any trouble the rest of your life. If during the first hard fifty years you save and save, when you get fifty you will not be tempted to spend; in fact, you will be tempted not to spend. When this man wanted anything he called up and said, "I would like to have a nice porterhouse steak." He didn't ask what the price of it was. He would say, "Send the things along." Of course, he wasn't in America under war conditions! But he would say, "I would like to have a nice porterhouse steak and some chicken. Send the things along — yes, and some butter, too; I would like to have some more of that expensive butter!" He enjoyed what he had.

That is what Jesus told us about this man. He had sense enough to buy a good farm. He was sensible enough to run a farm. He had enough sense to save his crop when he made it. He was sensible enough to know when he had enough, and sensible enough to enjoy what he had: and then Jesus Christ said, "You are a fool, and so is everybody else like you!" Now, wherein was he a fool?

II. WHY HE WAS A FOOL.

This man was a fool for three reasons.

1. He Thought Material Things Would Satisfy.

In the first place, he was a fool because he thought that he could satisfy his soul with material things. Now, notice, young people; I want you to get this. I want you to use your head. The person who thinks he can satisfy his soul with material things is a fool! This man said, "Soul . . . eat." "What are you going to eat, Mister?" "I am going to eat that barn out there." "What! I am going to eat that barn?" "What else are you going to eat?" "Hay!" "You mean your soul is going to eat hay? Why you are a fool. A soul can't eat a barn. A soul can't feed on corn! Hogs can eat corn, but souls can't eat corn. And you can't feed your soul on corn. You are an old fool, that is what you are!"

And so are millions of old people and millions of young people in America. They are feeding on corn and husks and good times and money and are starving to death because they get no spiritual vitamins. They are fools! Any sensible man will agree that Jesus Christ spoke an eternal truth when he said the man that, thinks he can feed his soul on a barn is a fool. The barn will decay, wheat will rot, and stocks go down in value; but immortal souls live on! You can't feed your soul on a barn! And you young people in Bob Jones College must learn while you are here that the only things the soul will feed on and be satisfied are the things that are imperishable. The things that perish with their using never satisfy. You are an immortal being, as I have told you many times, and you have got to live through all eternity. The things that perish when they are touched can't satisfy you, because you won't perish. Honor can't satisfy, because crowns fade on human heads. Banks can't satisfy because money becomes worthless. The pleasures of the world can't satisfy because pleasure stays with you for a moment and leaves you forever. You will never be satisfied unless you soar high enough to touch the infinite God and feed upon spiritual things!

The only happy people I have ever found in my life were spiritual people. I have seen them in their cottages with bare floors, living in poverty and want; but I have seen light in their faces you never saw on land or sea. I have gone to the homes of the rich where they had the luxuries of life, the comforts of life and wealth piled up; and I've seen their drawn faces and their expressions of agony and their starved, pinched look and I have said, "You are fools to try to satisfy your soul with the material!" Sav, listen! It isn't a job that will satisfy. It is the kind of bread that you get from Heaven while you are in that job! "Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It is not things upon which you feed, it is the bread of life come down from Heaven.

Oh, this starved world! Here are statesmen talking about fixing this thing up. They are going to get it all right for us. They are going to build a new order, and build it on the same old, rotten, materialistic foundation of the past, build it upon navies and armies, build it upon dynamite that destroys! They can't do it! It just doesn't work.

I told you young people, I think, the story about a little girl whose mother was dead. I was in the home where the coffin was. The dead mother was in the coffin. The shadow of the coffin filled the room. And this little girl was there. I hadn't noticed her presence for a moment, but I heard her crying and looked at her. She had her little hand on her mother's coffin. She was tiptoeing, trying to look into the face of her dead mother. She said, "I want my Mama." "Mama!" "Mama!" I reached over and got the little wet, dirty hand in mine. I said, "Come with me, darling." She said, "I want my Mama." I said, "Let's go out in the yard." She kept saying, "I want my Mama. I want my Mama!" I said, "Come on, let's go out in the yard." Finally I got her out in the yard. But she said, "I want my Mama." We sat down in the shade of a tree, and I said, "Listen to me just a minute. There is a nice picture

book in the house. I will get the picture book and we will sit down here and look at the pictures." She said, "I — don't — want — pictures. I just want my Mama. All I want is my Mama." I said, "Listen, honey, you know, there are some pretty flowers around yonder. I will get you some nice, pretty flowers. Let's go get some. Don't you want some flowers?" "No. I just want my Mama. I — just — want — my — Mama, that is all I want!" "Oh," I said, "I'll tell you — this road goes down here and then another road runs across it; and there is a store down there and they sell nice candy. I bought some ice, pretty stick candy down there. I have some money, and we will go down to the store and buy some candy. Don't you want some candy?" "No, I don't want any candy — I just — want — my — Mama!"

All the heart of man wants is God, God! Somebody says, "Eat candy." "No, I want God." "Come on and feed on a barn." "No, it is not barns, it is God I want." "Oh, forget it, forget it, forget it! Get out in life and have a good time. Who wants to be restrained. Look at the other young people. Nobody tells them when to get up. Nobody tells them where to go. Nobody tells them what to do!" Well, are they happier than you, or are you happier than they are? Who is happier, the Bob Jones College boys and girls that love God and pray and love the Bible and live separated, Christian lives, and feed on heavenly bread; or these frizzly-headed, painted-faced, loud, wild, sensuous, sordid young people who hang over a cocktail bar and drink liquor and raise hell? Who is happier? Who is happier, the rich man trying to feed on a barn, sitting on his front porch saying, "Take it easy," or the man who works in his field all day and goes home and talks to God before he goes to bed and then lies down and sleeps in peace?

2. He Was a Fool Because He Did Not Recognize His Dependence On God.

This man is a fool for another reason. He didn't recognize his dependence upon God. This man didn't say, "Thank you, God, for giving me the good land; thank you for the sunshine and the rain to make the crop thank you for the cooperation of the farmers who helped me to work. Thank You, God, for an appetite, taste, sense of hearing and eyesight." He didn't say that. He said, "I, I, I, I, I built, I have enough laid up." He "thought within himself." All men who think just within themselves are fools!

He didn't say, "God did it." He said, "I did it." He didn't say, "God laid up something for me so I could rest." He said, "I laid it up." He didn't even recognize God. To him there was no God. "The fool has said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" The fool doesn't say in his head "There is no God." No man ever said in his head "There is no God." No man ever said in his head, "there is no God." The fool knows there must be a God. He said it in his heart, and he doesn't say there isn't any God. The fool says in his heart, "No God for me!" "No God for me" — that is what that means. "No God — I don't want to be bothered with God," that is what the fool says. He doesn't deny the existence of God. Not even a fool would do that. But he said, "I don't want any God. No God! No God! No God! No! No! none of that for me!" That is a fool talking. That is heart speech. The Fool might have said, "Well, there is a God, but I have no time for Him." He didn't deny the existence of God, he just didn't take God into account. He didn't recognize Him, that's all.

I was on a train one time and saw a great big, hog-jowled man — he looked just like a hog. I see a lot of people that look like hogs. He was sitting in the smoker compartment of a Pullman sleeper, smoking a cigar almost as big as he was and talking, cursing, defaming the very name of God. After a while somebody mentioned some charity drive that was on. He said, "I don't give any money to charity. I don't owe anybody anything. I started out in life without anything. I have worked hard. I have saved something. I earned all I ever made. I am not indebted

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WHO'S A FOOL?

(Continued from page two)

to anybody. And I am not giving any of it away." I said, "You are indebted to somebody, Mister." He said, "Who am I indebted to?" I said, "God Almighty. You can see, can't you?" "Yes, of course, I can see." "Where did you get your eyesight? You couldn't have made it if you had been blind, could you? You can hear, can't you? You are hearing what I am saying to you, aren't you?" He said, "Oh, yes, I can hear all right." "If you had been deaf you couldn't have done so well, could you? You are not paralytic, are you?" "No, I am not." "Well, why aren't you a paralytic, some people are." Oh, these ego-maniacs that strut their conceit, that stick out their degenerate chests, put their chins out and talk about not owing anybody anything! You old fool, the breath that was pumped into your lungs when you were a little baby came from God. Suppose you had been born a little blind idiot? Suppose you had come here today dwarfed and deformed and helpless, not able to see or hear.

I saw a man, an invalid, one time whose wife was a corpse in the house. That poor fellow actually couldn't wipe the tears off his own face. He lay there not able to move even one finger or one muscle. Tears rolled down his face and somebody had to dry them for him. Suppose you didn't have any hands to wipe away the tears that you shed. Say, listen! Young people, when you walk across Bob Jones College campus, walk across it with a God-consciousness. When you sit down in your room to study, sit there with a God-conscious mind. When you have a date with a girl, have a God-consciousness while you are having the date. Don't ever get away from your God-consciousness.

Years ago an old man in the State of Georgia told me a story which he said his father told him. There lived in his father's rural community an old infidel who used to get great pleasure out of shocking Christians. When a cloud was coming up and the lightning was flashing, he would shake his fist at the heavens and say to God, "Kill me. I am an old infidel." He would cry out, "If there is a God beyond that cloud, kill me. Let the lightning strike me! If you are God, kill me! Strike me down! Show off here before these Christians, God, and strike me dead. Ha! Ha! If there is a God, kill me!" It made people shudder to be near him.

One day a cloud was coming up, a black cloud. He was out cursing and mocking God, asking God to kill him. His little girl was playing in the yard near her blasphemous father. There was a flash of lightning. The lightning hit a tree and killed the little girl. The man picked the lifeless girl up in his arms, took her in the house, and put her on the bed. He found she was dead. He was silent for a moment and then went into a rage of blasphemy, a rage of spiritual degeneracy. He went out in the yard, shook his fist at the sky and said, "Kill me! Match arms with a man! You are some God to kill a little child! Kill me. Kill a man, a real man. I dare you!"

By that time the neighbors had gathered in. Everybody was sad — the little girl was dead. They were shocked by the ravings of the blasphemer. After a while they said, "We will have to shroud the little girl. We will have to get some hot water." The man went out cursing and said, "I'll get it. I'll get an ax and cut the wood and we will heat the water. Then we will wash the dead body and shroud it." He kept cursing God. He reached down to pick up an ax and under the ax was an insect. It bit him and he died. Say, it didn't take a flash of lightning for God to kill him; all God needed was a tiny little insect. God Almighty could blow with the breath of His nostrils one little germ, so small that you would have to have a microscope to find it, that could kill all the infidels and atheists, and agnostics in the universe! Poor, miserable, weak, helpless man!

God said, "Don't say, 'I am going to a certain place tomorrow.' Say, 'God willing, I am going.'"

people, regarding every relationship of life. Always say, "If it is the will of God." I sent Mrs. Jones a telegram from Chicago and I wanted it to be a testimony to the girl who took it, so I cut out two words and put "Lord willing see you tomorrow." Put God's name reverently in your conversation. Talk of all your plans with a God-consciousness. Let's walk reverently before Him. This man was a fool. He didn't recognize the God that gave him all things.

3. He Prepared For Time But Not For Eternity!

He was a fool for a third reason, and I will just mention it. There were two emergencies and he provided for just one of them. There is a time emergency and an eternity emergency. Time — how long will it last? I don't know. Eternity — I can't comprehend it. But it will be forever and forever — on and on and on and on! Say, all our contacts with time should be made in the light of eternity.

Listen! It is a serious thing to have an evil effect here. Did you ever stop to think that you might by an evil influence blight the life of some young person in Bob Jones College — perhaps that of your roommate — and that blighted life might be blighted for all eternity; and then you might send that roommate out to blight some other life that would be blighted forever? I can think of nothing more terrible than to meet a person out yonder in eternity that I blighted.

I want to do good in time. I want people to smile down here. But I want people to smile in Heaven. I like to dry tears from human cheeks down here, but I want people to get to Heaven where His nail-pierced hand will wipe tears away forever. I like to comfort the sorrowing and the broken-hearted — I have a time responsibility — but I want people to know the comfort of a home in Heaven forever. Time! Listen, one-hundred years from today all this crowd will be gone. Twenty-five years from today the ranks will thin out. One-hundred years — one short, little hundred years! How short — short when you put a hundred years up by the side of eternity. I have told you young people over and over and over, and I say it to you again this morning — listen to me! don't you dare sacrifice the permanent on the altar of the immediate! If necessary; go through struggles and toil and self-sacrifice and crucifixion here for a season, for if you suffer with Him here you will be reigning with Him out yonder in eternity.

Suppose I start for the desert to stay ninety days. There is no food in the desert. There is no water in the desert. I have a ninety days' visit there, so I had better get ready. I say, "Well, I'll take plenty of food, but no water." In the desert I discover that the food instead of making me happy makes the desert worse. The more food I have the more thirst I have.

Young people, there is an eternity emergency and a time emergency. It is all right to think of a home, a husband, a wife, a family. It is all right to think of a position by which you can earn your bread. It is all right to think of culture that has to do with time. That is all right. There is nothing wrong with it. I hope that your life on earth will be beautiful and sweet. I hope, if it is the will of God — it may not be God's will, but if it is His will — I hope each one of you girls will find a good Christian man whom you will love and with whom you can have a home. God doesn't want you to go through life with no happiness, no joy. God doesn't want you to go hungry when there is good food, and thirsty when the fountain is gushing up crystal water. God doesn't want you to go through life here on earth uninterested and so did. But when you concentrate your thoughts on things here and shut the door of eternity away from your view, you are as big a fool as this man. People sometimes say, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and they mean by that to have high ambitions. Listen, I say, "Hitch your wagon to the Star of Bethlehem and think of this life

NO ROOM FOR JESUS!

(Continued from page one)

And poor Joseph, too! God be praised for the memory of faithful, believing, godly Joseph. For one thing he loved Mary tenderly. Can you imagine his broken heart when he first had been compelled to believe that she had gone wrong, had been untrue to him and was to have an illegitimate child. But Joseph had not acted hastily. With earnest thought and prayer he sought to find what to do and "was minded to put her away privately" because he was a just man and not willing to see Mary stoned as an adulteress. "But while he thought on these things, behold, the angels of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is con-

ceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1:20, 21).

The angel told him that this was to be the fulfillment of Isaiah 7: 14, that a virgin should conceive and bring forth a Son and they should call His name Immanuel or "God with us": God in human form. Joseph believed it and "being

(Continued on page four)

EDITORIAL NOTES

(Continued from page one)

Cpl. Harry E. Welch wrote Pastor J. C. Macauley at Wheaton about a good sermon of his in *The Sword of the Lord*, and he said, "Outside of the Bible, John Rice's paper is my only spiritual reading." He is crew chief on a transport plane flying over much of China and India, has no chance to go to church, and says, "but Christ has truly become increasingly precious and I can testify to His marvelous keeping power. It is so wonderful to have the 'peace that passeth understanding.'" Thousands of soldiers would be blessed by reading *The Sword of the Lord*.

Through the first eleven months of this year 666 people have written to say they found Christ as Saviour through *The Sword of the Lord* literature — through this paper and books and pamphlets written by the editor. In November there were 35 such conversions, reports coming more than one a day. Praise the Lord. Detailed report next week, God willing. New printing, 408,000 copies of *What Must I Do to Be Saved?* are now being printed in brown ink on tinted paper. Have you seen this twenty-four page booklet? They cost us about \$1 per hundred for printing and mailing, but we give thousands free to those who promise to use them according to our directions, giving them only to people who promise to read them or who pick them up of their own choice. Chaplains, service men's centers, rescue missions, child evangelism teachers write for free samples. 145 N. Hale St., Wheaton, Illinois.

in terms not of hours and days and weeks and months and years, but in terms of the cycles of eternity and the grinding ages of everlasting years!" Don't be a fool. Don't be a fool! You Christian people, you who are saved, can get your heart so entangled with the material that you have no view of eternity.

"Thou fool," "thou fool!" I preached a sermon one time — and this is the last word — about the young man who went to Jesus and then went away from Him because Jesus told him to sell what he had and follow Him. In my imagination I imagined that this was that man. Of course, this is a parable. But I wondered if this young man didn't go back and have the experience this man here had. And then I thought of the man in Hell crying out, "Abraham, Father Abraham! I am thirsty! I am thirsty! Let Lazarus come down here. Let him dip his finger in water. Send him with just a drop of water to put on my tongue. It is hot down here! And I wondered if it could have been the young man that went away from Jesus to enjoy prosperity for a season, then become a bankrupt in eternity! Young people, if you have to choose between poverty here and riches there, choose poverty here. Don't be a fool! Eternity means more than time. Don't be a fool! Don't make time bigger in your thinking and planning than eternity which someone has called the mother of cycles and the parent of ages. Don't be a fool!

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Dr. Alfred Bilmanis, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of The Republic of Latvia. The Latvia Legation, Washington, D. C., June 25, 1940:

"Pastor Basil A. Malof is well known to this Legation, as one of the foremost evangelical pastors of Latvia. (After his exile from Russia). He is the founder and senior Pastor of the Salvation Temple Church in Riga. It is worthy of note, that the funds for this church, which accommodates some 2,000 persons and cost approximately \$100,000 to build, were raised in full under the leadership of Pastor Malof. Pastor Malof's religious activities have extended to Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Finland, Poland, Russia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Sweden and Argentina, where he has participated in building churches, orphanages, missions, printing Bibles, hymn-books, etc. In Latvia, Pastor Malof was also director of the Latvia Evangelical Prison Mission." (Signed) Dr. Alfred Bilmanis, Latvia Minister.

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NO ROOM FOR JESUS!

(Continued from page three)

raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife: And knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS" (Matt. 1:24, 25). Not fearing the shame of clacking tongues, Joseph took Mary to his home, not doubting a moment the promise of God through the angel. With confident high hopes he rejoiced with Mary that she had found favor with God and was to be the mother of the Saviour, the promised Messiah. With a manly restraint, he took Mary to his home and yet "knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born son."

Can you imagine the concern of Joseph as they plodded from house to house in Bethlehem? We suppose that he led the donkey on which Mary rode. But every door was closed. There was no room. If Joseph had a little money from his carpenter shop, he did not have enough. The competition was too keen. Others with better standing or more money or first claim were given the rooms and Joseph and Mary had none. At last they went to the little inn, the only one in the village of Bethlehem, I suppose, and there again they found there was no room. Joseph must have felt a little of the shame which every good man of breeding feels when he finds himself unable to provide for his family as they need and deserve. He must have expressed his sorrow to Mary many a time, and she, sustained by an unflinching faith and surrounded surely by unseen heavenly beings, doubtless reassured Joseph many a time that God would provide. There was no room for them in the inn and so they found poor refuge in a stable and there the Saviour was born and laid in a manger.

It Was Jesus They Had No Room For!

Alas, we well know that the world has no quarrel with Mary nor with Joseph. This world has a quarrel with Jesus Christ. Other babies were born in Bethlehem and their mothers had clean linen and soft beds and tender care. Other young heads of families were as poor as Joseph and yet they had more friends and more comfort in the hour of trouble than Joseph had. There would have been room for Mary or room for Joseph. The simple truth is that there was no room for Jesus!

We are not to think that it was a meaningless incident that Christ was born in a stable and laid in a manger. If God had the millions of the Roman world to register for taxation at a certain time so that one verse of Scripture should be fulfilled and His Son should be born in Bethlehem, then we may be sure that every detail surrounding this whole event is fraught with a weight of meaning. The time was fulfilled. From the beginning of the ages God had planned every detail of the coming of His dear Son into the world to save men. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." It is unthinkable that any detail of the birth of

Christ could fail to have a universal meaning for the race. And so when there was no room for them in the inn, it was only a token that this world has no room for Jesus. It had no room then; if has none now. If any one ever doubted the wickedness of the race, the depravity to which mankind has fallen, let him but remember that there was no room for Jesus. I have often thought that the death of Christ on the cross revealed the awful wickedness of the human heart as nothing else could. The Holy Jesus was hated, despised, betrayed, denied, scourged, spit upon, crowned with thorns, given vinegar and gall, nailed to the cross, mocked while He died between thieves, and then pierced with the spear! God in Heaven, what sinners we are! Christ rejected by priests and scribes, hated by Pharisees, suspicioned by Pilate, jeered by the multitude, crucified by all. What a revelation of the heart of mankind! But if all that was revealed in the death of Christ, just as surely it was symbolized when there was no room for the Saviour to be born in a decent house in Bethlehem, and he was born in a stable and laid in a manger! No room for Jesus!

The incident occurred, not because each home in Bethlehem, and the Innkeeper, too, conspired to shut out Jesus purposely. No, they didn't know—but they didn't know because they didn't care! And God had it occur so, and recorded it here, we believe, to be a true picture of the world's attitude toward Christ.

When Did the Baby Jesus Know The World Did Not Want Him?

We cannot fathom all the mystery of divinity, incarnate God in human flesh. We do not know just how much of His infinite wisdom Christ left with the Father in Heaven along with His robes of glory. How soon did the Baby Jesus come to know all that went on about Him? In John 2:24 we are told that Jesus "needed not that any man should testify of man: for He knew what was in man." But in Luke 2:52, when Jesus was a child, the Scripture says that "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

When the baby eyes of Jesus opened first, they saw the dingy outlines of a stable. The first sensation of the tender skin of the Baby may have been of the rough torn cloth of His swaddling band or the pricking of straw in the manger. And the Son of God heard through those little human ears the munching of hay by an ox or an ass, perhaps, in the same stable. The Saviour had emptied Himself of much of His glory and of some of the attributes of deity before coming to dwell in this tiny body, formed in the womb of a virgin. None of us can know until we get to Heaven just how much the Child knew, just how soon He realized that He was the very Son of God, the Creator of the heavens and earth, the Saviour of the world. These matters belong in the holy treasury of knowledge where human feet have never trod. If angels know these mysteries they have never whispered them and the Holy Spirit of God has never breathed them into the ears of His prophets to set them down. Yet it stabs my heart with shame to feel that the Baby Jesus, as soon as He knew anything, must have known that He was an unwanted Child, sent to redeem a world that hated Him, born more for death than life. He was slain before the foundation of the world, both in the heart of God who gave Him, and in His own redeeming love who planned it with the Father; but equally slain throughout time in the foreknown wickedness and malice and godless indifference of a world that had no room for Jesus!

Whenever the baby Jesus came to know that He was the coming King of the Jews, the Saviour of mankind, the very Son of God: whether that was from the first instant that He, the pre-existent Christ, entered into the quickened body or whether later Jesus came into the realization of His humanity, Jesus was certainly aware of a hostile and indifferent world.

How soon did He hear from the lips of His mother of the death of those other babies of Bethlehem, slain by Herod in the hope of destroying the King of the Jews? How soon did He know of those scribes and chief priests who knew that the Saviour should be born in Bethlehem because it was foretold by the prophet Micah and who knew that the time was at hand and had met the wise men in the East and yet themselves would not go the six miles to Bethlehem to see the Saviour? Do you suppose He marvelled that the courts at Rome and in provinces around the world went on undisturbed by His advent? Do you suppose He thought it strange that a few poor shepherds from the field and some other worldly magi from the East were all who visited the Saviour of mankind, the Son of God, the Creator of the worlds and the coming King?

Jesus Knew Men Would Hate Him But, Loving, He Came

Do not misunderstand. When Jesus first learned of the wicked indifference and the active hate of this world, it was no surprise. He knew the malice of sinful men before He gave Himself to live and die for them. Before the Son came to these wicked husbandmen (already He had sent many a servant, the prophets (Matt. 21:33-46). It was revealed long ago in the Old Testament that He was to be despised and rejected, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief (Isa. 53:3). He was to be before the people as a Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness (Isa. 53:2). When they saw Him, they would see no beauty that they should desire Him. He who through the Holy Spirit inspired the account of the crucifixion in Psalm 22, He who had pictured it to the Jews through the roasted passover lamb and millions of dying sacrifices, knew what to expect of mankind. It was already foretold that His face would be more marred than any man (Isa. 52:14). Long since He had had it inscribed by the prophet about Him that He would set His face like a flint (Isa. 50:7) toward the sufferings of the cross. I say that Jesus knew ahead of time there would be no room for Him in the inn, no room at all in the hearts of most of the people of this world and in their business and governments and schools and homes and lives. He was to be gladly received by the few, the shepherds, the wise men, Anna, Simeon, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Mary and Joseph, with some publicans and harlots and occasional others. He was to arouse a passing interest in the multitudes when He fed the five thousand or preached the sermon on the mount or healed the sick or raised the dead, but that was soon to pass into growing indifference, then irritation and animosity and multitudes would grow to hate Him with an unceasing and satanic hate when the venom of sin would do its worst to the Son of God in human form.

The story of the life of Christ on earth is summed up in this brief verse of Luke 2:7, "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."

No Room Anywhere Among Men!

There was no room for the Baby Jesus in the inn at Bethlehem.

There was no room for Him permanently anywhere else as He wandered up and down this earth for "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head" (Matt. 8:20). When "everyman went unto his own house, Jesus went unto the mount of Olives" (John 7:53 and 8:1). Doubtless He slept alone in the mount more than once, and He and His disciples ate the wheat by the roadside. And even that was begrudged them because it was the Sabbath (Matt. 12:1, 2).

There was no room for the anointed Son of God in His own synagogue and village of Nazareth. They hated Him and would have killed Him (Luke 4:29).

There was no room for Him even in His mother's and brothers' home for "Neither did his brethren believe in him" (John 7:5). They thought Him mad and brought

even His mother to stay him from His preaching (Mark 3:21, 31-35).

There was no room for Him in Gadara and "they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts" (Matt. 8:34).

There was no room for Him in Jerusalem for "they took up stones to cast at Him" (John 8:59).

Yea, there was no room for Him in the whole world and so Herod and Pontius Pilate and the chief priests and scribes, the Pharisees and Sadducees, the mob of common people and Roman soldiers all agreed together that He must die. NO ROOM FOR JESUS!

Wicked Men Begrudged Jesus All He Ever Had

In Bethlehem they begrudged the Son of God even of a place to be born for there was no room for them in the inn.

Herod begrudged Him His kingly title and sought to slay Him.

Nazareth begrudged Him His fame and said, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him" (Matt. 13:55-57).

The Pharisees begrudged Him His power and said, "This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils" (Matt. 12:24).

They begrudged His right in His own Father's house and said, "By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority?" (Matt. 21:23) when He cleansed the temple of worldlings and thieves.

The chief priests begrudged Him the sabbath of which He was Lord because He therein healed the sick and made whole the withered hand (Matt. 12:10).

They begrudged Him even the homage of harlots and publicans and murmured "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them" (Luke 15:2).

They begrudged Him every feast that was given, saying, "Behold, a man gluttonous, and a winebibber" (Matt. 11:19).

And Simon the Pharisee begrudged Him even the tears and kisses upon His feet, dried with the hair of a forgiven street-walker, the woman that was a sinner, and swore therefore that He was not a prophet (Luke 7:36-50).

Judas Iscariot begrudged Him the sweet perfume of the alabaster box of ointment broken for Him by the love of Mary (Jno. 12:3-8).

The chief priests begrudged Him even the cries of little children, "Hosanna to the son of David," though the very rocks would have cried out had they been hushed (Mark 11:9; Luke 19:37-40).

They begrudged Him even an hour of prayer when He sweated drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane and broke into it with their torches, swords and staves to kiss Him with a traitor's kiss to bind Him and lead Him away to trial and murder.

Even in His death the senseless malice of a wicked race of men had no room for Jesus.

The rulers begrudged His name "The King of the Jews" nailed above His cross and begged Pilate to change it (John 19:21).

They begrudged Him even His clothes in the hour of His shame and stripped Him naked, seamless garment and all (Psalm 22:18, John 19:23, 24).

They begrudged Him even a drink of water when in His dying agony He said, "I thirst." Instead of water they gave him vinegar and gall (John 19:28, 29).

They begrudged His poor, tired body even the peace that death brought, so after He had given up the ghost, they pierced a spear deep into His side and there came out water and blood.

They begrudged even the testimony that His hanging body gave to the world, of their sin and His love. They hastened to take the body down before sun set. They had no room for Jesus even then.

And when He rose from the dead they begrudged Him even this proof that He was the Son of God. They "gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you.

So they took the money, and did as they were taught; and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day" (Matt. 28:12-15).

And today men begrudge Him His miracles, begrudge His virgin birth, His bodily resurrection, even the inspiration of His words. They begrudge Him His deity, His hold on the hearts of men. The race hates Him for His claims as the only Saviour of mankind!

GREAT GOD OF MERCY, REMEMBER NOT OUR INIQUITIES AGAINST US! This undone, corrupted, iniquitous world of mankind has no room for Jesus!

Reader, have you no room for Jesus? Have you crowded Him out of your heart? Have you no time to serve Him, no time for His Word, no time to pray?

Poor, lost sinner, is not your heart convicted of your terrible sin in crowding Christ out? Will you go to Hell because you have no room in your heart for the Son of God? Will you spend eternity in torment because pleasure or self-will or sin in any form bars the door of your heart against Jesus? Oh! Let Him in! Let Him in today! Christ brings sweet peace. You can never have peace without Him. He brings salvation but there is no other name given under Heaven among men whereby you must be saved. Christ gives everlasting life but "He that believeth not the Son is condemned already."

Most of the world has no room for Jesus but those few that received Him, how happy they were and how blessed!

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11, 12).

Receive Him today! By faith take Him as yours. Open your heart and with tender love take Jesus in this Christmas time. You will never have a real Christmas without Him. But if you have Him you can laugh at poverty, you can rejoice in adversity, you can look death in the face unafraid. If you have Jesus you have all God can give a poor, rebellious race! Take Him today.

No Room in the Inn

No beautiful chamber,
No soft cradle bed,
No place but a manger,
Nowhere for His head;
No praises of gladness,
No thro't of their sin,
No glory but sadness,
No room in the inn.

No sweet consecration,
No seeking His part,
No humiliation,
No place in the heart:
No thro't of the Saviour,
No sorrow for sin,
No pray'r for His favor,
No room in the inn.

No one to receive Him,
No welcome while here,
No balm to relieve Him,
No staff but a spear;
No seeking His treasure,
No weeping for sin,
No doing His pleasure,
No room in the inn.

Chorus

No room, no room for Jesus
Oh, give Him welcome free,
Lest you should hear at Heaven's gate,
"There is no room for thee."

If you will today make room for Jesus in your heart, take Him as your Saviour, trust Him to forgive you, claim Him now openly once and for all as your Lord and your Saviour, then write me today. Can you honestly sign this and send it?

Rev. John R. Rice
145 N. Hale St., Wheaton, Ill.
Dear Bro. Rice:

I am ashamed that I didn't have room for Jesus before today. Here and now I open my heart and trust Him for forgiveness and receive Him as my Saviour. I believe that He forgives me now. I risk Him to save my soul and keep me because He died for me and loves me and because I trust Him.

Name.....

Address.....

SISTER ABIGAIL

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